

GIANTS CHEERED FOR GOOD WORK

BASEBALL SEASON OPENS TO-DAY.



Some of the things Cory saw.

27 CROTON RIOTERS ARRESTED.

STRIKERS FLEE FROM SOLDIERS.

A hundred striking Italians fled from Croton Dam this afternoon, taking their families and possessions.

Fear of the troops caused their flight. Some of them believed that the soldiers were seeking an excuse to kill them in revenge for Sergt. Douglass's assassination.

By 4 o'clock this afternoon Sheriff Molloy and his deputies backed up by a squad of cavalry and a detachment of the Seventh Regiment, are searching the houses in the Italian quarter for arms and ammunition.

prisoners, he has the assassin of Sergt. Douglass.

ASSASSIN IN CUSTODY?
Two of the three men searched by Corp. McDowell an hour before the shooting are in custody. They are believed to be members of the Mafia.

"Now that the hand of the law is on these fellows," said the Sheriff, "I believe the assassin of Douglass will be betrayed."

Their houses were searched. Revolvers, knives, clubs and axes were confiscated. No rifles were found. The strikers have secreted these. The hills will be searched for them.

STRIKERS DEMORALIZED.
"The backbone of the strike is broken," said Sheriff Molloy to an Evening World reporter. "We have most of the ringleaders and mischief-makers in custody. Those who escaped are willing to work will now have courage to return."

This morning Sheriff Molloy, after detaching a platoon from Troop C and a

MONTGOMERY, Ala., April 19.—A riot among the delegates to the Republican Convention started before the body had been called to order.

After a scene of great excitement, accompanied by some shooting, in which one man was seriously hurt, the Governor cleared both factions out of the State House building and grounds.

The convention was scheduled to meet at noon, but a rule for the admission of only uncontested delegations caused confusion and delay.

Gaston Scott, a Virginia man, of Montgomery, was at the rear door when the riot broke out. He had been appointed sergeant-at-arms by a majority of the Executive Committee, demanded admittance and was refused. A quarrel followed and Morgan shot Scott in the hand and breast. Scott made no effort to shoot. This started a great uproar.

but hit no one. He was stopped and quieted by bystanders.

After the State House had been cleared the Bingham faction went to Dorsett Hall and the Vaughn side to the Auditorium, where at 2 o'clock the two conventions were in session.

Morgan was taken to the Governor's office where he was when Taylor Scott, a brother of the wounded man, ran to the outside door of the Governor's office and fired two shots down the hall.

(Continued on Second Page)

BROOKLYN.

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NEW YORK.

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OTHER BASEBALL GAMES.

At Boston—Pitts. over Philadelphia 10. Boston, 17.
At Cincinnati—Reds over Cubs 4-2. Cincinnati, 5.
At St. Louis—Reds over Cardinals 10-0. St. Louis, 3.

STOLE POCKETBOOK FROM BABY CARRIAGE.

Thomas Connolly, of 789 Eighth avenue, was charged in Central Police Court this afternoon with robbing an infant child of a pocketbook containing \$1.25. "You are the meanest thief that has ever been arraigned before me," said Magistrate Zeller. Mrs. Mary Curran, of 112 Hester street, was the complainant against Connolly. She says she had her child in a baby-carriage in Hester street this afternoon, when Connolly came along and grabbed the pocketbook from the little one's hands. Connolly was held in \$500 bail.

MAY BREAK JAIL TO FREE STRIKERS.

Gen. Roe received word this afternoon that an attempt might be made to free the seven strikers arrested in Little Italy at the Croton Dam tonight. The prisoners were arraigned and remanded for further hearing to-morrow. A mob of strikers left Croton at 6:30 to-night and conveyed the men to the White Plains road. A strong guard will be placed about the jail until the end of the night when they will be taken with the strikers.

SIXTH RACE AT AQUEDUCT.

Light Ball 1. Vase 2. Crown 3.

SHOTS IN ALABAMA CONVENTION ROW.

Two G. O. P. Factions Fight, Are Driven Out by Governor, and Hold Separate Meetings.

CUBAN ELECTIONS JUNE 16.

Gen. Wood Cables the War Department the Date Upon Which They Will Be Held.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—A cablegram was received at the War Department to-day from Gov. Gen. Wood stating that the Cuban elections will be held June 16.

More Than an Hour Shorter Than Any Other Route.

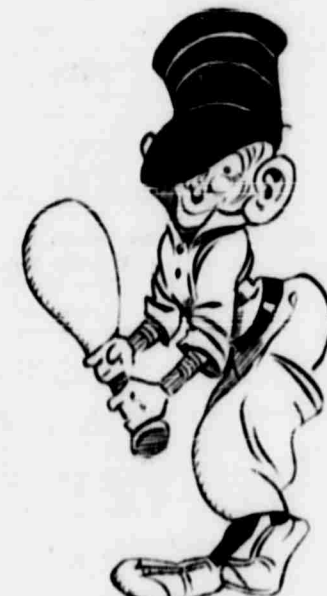
New York to Cincinnati in 21 hours and 20 minutes via Pennsylvania Railroad. Leave New York (Pennsylvania and Cortland streets, 10 A. M. every morning.

SCORED FIRST IN GAME WITH THE CHAMPIONS.

ARTIST LONG SEES THE GAME.

Yow for a Shoot.

Coaching.



THE GAME IN RHYME.

Here's How the Swinging Shoots and Flies Were Sazed Up by the Poet's Eyes.

BY JOHN W. LOW.

A day of April smiles and tears,
Of baseball rooters' hopes and fears!
A day of days, for set apart
The season of baseball to start.
To Gotham cranks it typifies
The day when old King Winter dies
And gentle Spring, robed like a dream,
Usurps the throne and reigns supreme.
His dawn was dismal, dark with clouds,
But 3 o'clock saw hastening crowds
In cars, on foot, with buoyant bounds,
All skimming to the Polo Grounds.
Anticipation much more keen
Had been excited, too, I ween,
Because the reshaped Giants' foes
Would skulk about in Brooklyn cloths.
For New York always did delight
The gang from over the Hike to fight,
And this year Ewing (dies his name!)
Was bound to beat Ned Hanlon's game.
Before the hour of play was nigh
Old Red beamed from a cloudless sky,
And sent a hot gust from his mill
To dry the mud in Cooganville.
The cranks from both towns came in
Prepared to yell their voices hoarse;
They perched up in the grand stand seats
And jammed the bleachers retrograde.
Till it was said, and not far wrong,
That they were fifteen thousand strong,
And shovels came too fast to count,
To fatten Freedman's bank account.
For as "unc" Currier buried the pill,

The Hanlonites had "Roaring Bill!"
And in the usual start-off plan
Bob Emmie was the umpire man.
And so, hurrah! hooray! hooray!
For this long-looked-for April day
Of baseball rooters' hopes and fears.
What will the end be—smiles or tears?

The Game.

For Brooklyn, Sheppard stepped to bat,
And hit the pill an easy swat.
That Gleason hustled down to Doyle
In time the batter's game to spoil.
Then Willie Keeler popped a fly
That Davis grabbed as nice as pie;
But foxey Jennings, he got hit,
And went to first; but there he quit
When Winnie Mercer made a burst
And fung one Kelley's smash to first.
No run, not one.
For us big "Van" stepped to the mark,
And when the rooters saw him—bark!
A yell went up that shook the sky,
But "Van" well, he just cocked his eye
And sent a bouncer down to third.
But Jennings got it first—aburd!
Then Mercer got four measly shoots
And down to first base gally scoots;
Then Frisbie (he's the Boston chap
Who's joined the Giants in the scrap)
To DeMont sent a tiny bunt—
"Twas out at first, the little runt!
Then great King Davis fanned at three
And all were out—no runs, b'gee!

Second Inning.

Daily hit to Gleason's place,
Who threw him out at Jack Doyle's base.
Dahlen whooped a fly to Van,
Who downed it like a little man.
Demondy rap Davis fung to Doyle,
For as "unc" Currier buried the pill,

Fifteen Thousand Rooters See Opening Game of the Season at the Polo Grounds—Contest Was Fast.

There was an office boy and he said, "May I go home, 'Just to help plant dear old Grandma under Greenwood's grassy mound?" Then he sneaked out of the office and he hustled, on the sly, To watch the Giants and Bridge-rooms battle on the Polo Grounds.

(Special to The Evening World.)
POLO GROUNDS, April 18.—The crowd gave the Giants a rousing cheer when the first run was scored against the champions. It was repeated with emphasis when the next tally was marked up.

15,000 SAW GAME.

Great Crowd of Gay Rooters Out at the Polo Grounds This Afternoon.

(Special to The Evening World.)
POLO GROUNDS, April 18.—The baseball season of 1900 was inaugurated without formality this afternoon, but with a treat for lovers of the game far more seductive than band concerts or multi-hued bunting. The feast was offered upon its epicurean merits and enjoyed by a throng that could well appreciate and esteem the delights of a revival of the old-time feud between Brooklyn and New York corps of ball-swingers as the best possible wedge with which to open the new regime of eight clubs in this locality.

Far the most appropriate side feature of the matinee was the way in which the weather bureau opportunely redeemed itself.
The run was tardy indeed, but none the less welcome to those who had been longing for its glare during these days. The orb made up for its delay by the extra gentility of its cheery radiance and soon banished every sparkling blade in the wide expanse of fresh, green carpet that covered the arena.

Field in Good Shape.

The field was in wondrously fine condition, considering the drenching of the almost incessant downpour. From dawn this morning squads of workmen with prodigious sponges mopped all swabbed and slobbered the puddles that resembled tiny lakes that even the new system of drainage couldn't reduce.
They did their work well, and, long before time to begin dress rehearsal the diamond was in fine shape and the outer acres firm and dry enough for fast prancing.

Although it had been definitely and diligently announced that there would be no preliminaries and that the game would be called at the usual hour of 4 o'clock, the procession of fans began at high noon and assembled about the closed gates, renewing mutual acquaintances and swapping old news lies with the same ardor that

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Past Tenses Are the Common

Shap.

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